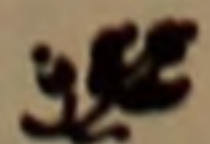
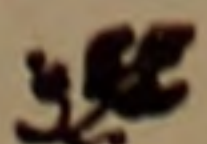


Truth

FROM *The* AGES
OH TRUTH,
From *The* Ages
long past hath man sought
thee. In the future to come
will he seek. In visions of
light God hath wrought to
unfold all the wisdom of
sage *and* of seer. Look
then with the eyes of the
soul, oh my brother, look
deep with the far-seeing
soul. All the sorrow *and*
sinning the world would
uncover shall fade by the
light of the radiant soul!
The spirit illumines, the
soul holds the light, the
mortal the torch bearer is.
Inexpressible privilege, to
carry the light; Oh won-
drous guerdon, to so cheer
the world! Who tells you
that suffering is bitter,
knows not the joy of wak-
ing to strength through
trial. Love *and* be loved
oh Children of Earth. Love
and give love. For this thou
wer't born, to follow thine
All-Highest Light.  



—Given Through Aletheia.

FEB 24 1914

THE ALETHEIAN

WHERE TRUTH IS FEAR IS NOT

VOLUME III No. 3 MARCH-APRIL, 1914

ASA

ISSUED MONTHLY BY

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The Light of the Nations

By Sylvia Sterling



BEHOLD, in a vision,
I saw in its splendor,
A marvel descending
To earth from high heaven---
The light of the ages,
Eternal *and* boundless!
Yet deeply I pondered,
Nor fathomed its meaning,
Till clear came the answer
In cadence resounding,
Like voices *of* angels
In majesty blending:
"O Love-Light Supernal,
Forever descending,
Forever enfolding
The souls *of* the people!
Forever enduring,
Forever creating,
O Love from the Highest,
The Light *of* the Nations!"

THEN upward *and* upward
Its glory revealing,
Behold, a new wonder
Arising, illumined---
The love-light from mortals
Ascending to heaven!
And lo! from the people,
All thoughts that were holy,
All thoughts of compassion,
Of purity, virtue,
And good unto others,
Resolved into love-light;
Assembled, commingled---
The light from all nations---
And rose through the ether,
Earth's tribute to heaven.



The Spiritual Era

Man as a spiritual being refuses to accept man-made creeds thrust upon him with the demand that he "believe or be eternally damned."

Creeds are the shell, Spirit is the core of all religions. Spiritual believing means spiritual living, and spiritualism is the fruit thereof. Spiritualism then, cleanses and redeems the "believer" for Spirit works from within, outward—permeating the being, thus spiritualism is the saving grace that appeals to the thinker.

The strongest possible spiritual manifestation to the world about us must ever be the life and conduct of the spiritual endeavorer.

The new era has dawned—the Prince of Peace hath said—"All war shall cease." Cultivation of the spiritual self is the pathway of peace. Ofttimes the path is achieved only through grievous error and many seeming failures; yet the soul, surmounting error at length recognizes its own sovereignty. Through obedience to the "Law" only does the soul of mortal become free.

It has been said—"He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city;" but I say unto you—He that is ruled of the Spirit hath conquered the citadel of self.

Man intuitively worships the creative intelligence recognizing the Supreme Power from what is termed his inner convictions. The spiritually enlightened are immune to proseliting cults whose efforts at argument, persuasion or intimidation promise reward or punishment as the final end. The spiritually enlightened, through soul communion, reason and experience, weigh all worldly wisdom by one light—the light of Truth. Through spiritual interpretation we attain an impregnable knowledge of God that no power on earth can shake. It is the spiritualized being alone who can become at one with God and nature.

Through soul science is Spirit enthroned, eliminating selfish desires, unworthy aims and lax principles. Through soul science we invite the Spirit to enter and dwell within the living temple of the soul. To this spirit-ruled self labor is joy. The systems of reward and punishment, upon which man-made creeds

are based, fade into nothingness. The Truth-seeker, evolving into the spiritualized being through cultivation of the soul principle, comes into the realization that there is no joy equal to the joy of right living, no happiness so far-reaching as that derived from loving service to our fellow beings—no peace so perfect as the consciousness of work well done.

When we labor for the good that we can do, that good is reflected again unto us. The great incentive to work is desire for the expression of those inspirations that come to us from the great Source of Good. Life means response to the highest inspiration the spirit may transmit to the conscious mind. When the mind resolutely shuts the door in the face of foolish comment, idle argument and selfish competition, the soul begins to expand and gradually reaches the state wherein it becomes what it was created to be, the living temple of the Spirit.

The physical body responds to and reflects in its outward and visible self the inner workings of the Spirit. Beauty of countenance responds to the thoughts within. A poised and peaceful soul radiates a beauty that is felt; beauty, far more magnetic than the perfection of feature sensed by the conscious eye. It is an actual fact that the physical body expands and takes on grace and dignity as the mind becomes trained to higher thought. Both body and soul reflect beauty of the Spirit.

Spiritual consciousness has created the wave of brotherly love cleansing the world today.

The movement for world peace is an absolute response to Spiritual vibrations set in motion thousands of years ago and spreading, ripple by ripple, and wave by wave, as the pebble dropped in the sea creates currents that reach to furthest shores. Those Beings who have dwelt upon earth and passed on to join the army of Spiritual workers in Higher Spheres have added their thought and sent forth their vibrations hour by hour to the millions on earth that respond. The widespread discussion of what is termed "The New Spiritual Era" in secular publications of the last few years evinces the fact that Spirit permeates even the most material phases of earth life. The Spiritual religion is not a religion of set days and seasons but is the very vital essence of life itself every day and hour and moment.

—*Aletheia.*

What we Have to Say

THE Philadelphia *North American* has been publishing a series of communications in answer to the question: "Is the world on the eve of a new Spiritual Era, or Religious awakening"?

Those who have for years been working in "The Spiritual Religion" are forced to smile indulgently. To find the secular editor at last awakening to facts causes the Spiritualist to rejoice. A recent census taken by Spiritual workers produces fifteen millions of names of acknowledged Spiritualists. There are uncounted millions who have yet to attain the courage of their convictions.

The Spiritualist believes that all true religion is of the Spirit; all prophesy by inspiration. The world has been advancing spiritually for centuries. We are not "entering" but have entered and are living in a Spiritual Era. Spiritualists who have been working therein for years know that the influx of Light is only perceived through the cultivation of the soul; through listening to the Inner Voice.

Spiritual wisdom is given to the University graduate and the unlettered alike. Frequently Spiritual illumination comes more quickly to the mind that is not over-burdened with man-made creeds and learned theories. It is indeed the childlike mind that most clearly reflects Spiritual illumination. Light through inspiration is the great Spiritual Awakener.

What man reads or hears from the lips of others, must be weighed by his own intelligence. What is "Intelligence"? It is Spiritual vibration enkindling consciousness and enabling man to perceive, regardless of previous prejudice. The awakened man finds that comprehension comes from within. It is this that causes us to say "We know". The conscious mind receives from many sources. The Higher intelligence is constantly weighing, measuring, comparing and rejecting all that does meet the test of reason. Reason, normally poised, is constantly winnowing the wheat from the chaff. Like a crucible, reason melts, commingles and purifies all that enters the consciousness from outside sources. Reason illumined by the Spirit becomes intelli-

gence and teaches us that by Spiritual living and being, alone, can we attain to the highest and best in life.

The prophets, poets and philosophers of all ages are the torch-bearers of Truth. Those who have learned to live clean lives, keeping the intellect unclouded by dissipation, or excess, produce practically the same thoughts embodied in different phraseology. The great proof that the Source of Inspiration is the same, is the fact that writers, and teachers of all ages and all nations arrive at practically the same result in religious expression and scientific achievement. It is a curious fact that the untrained writer who thinks he has gathered nothing from books or the teachings of others will oftentimes voice the philosophy of the ages more clearly, more directly, with more fidelity to truth than the man who has spent the best years of his life in colleges. There is but one explanation for this. The inspirational writer is in touch with those Spiritual beings who are able to transmit to his consciousness the highest light, the deepest wisdom, direct from the Source of Knowledge.

Writers, thus inspired, sometimes fancy they are putting out absolutely original thoughts and are amazed that they are accused of plagiarism; astounded to find, in the daily press, a cabled account of some other writer's "discovery" identical with theirs given to the world, on the other side of the globe. Materialists attempt to account for this as a thought wave from one mortal mind to another. While it is possible for telepathy to convey ideas to any distance, the Spiritualist alone arrives at the truth. The "Great Idea" does not originate in the mind of man but is being transmitted through spiritual vibrations from the Great Creative Centre to millions of minds simultaneously. Such minds as are attuned to these vibrations receive and reflect them, some more perfectly than others.

Modern ingenuity and modern facilities for disseminating news by wireless prove that these inspirational vibrations are caught and reflected by many; the supposed "Discoverer" awakens to the fact that he is merely voicing, or otherwise expressing an idea that has really been sent out to millions from one Creative Centre. The Spiritual Idea is not *new* but the facilities for disseminating the idea are so much greater that at last

the whole world is awakening to the understanding that Spiritual illumination and revelation form the entire basis for belief in the continuity of life.

Man ever cries "Give me proof." Spiritual Power, working through modern science and invention is constantly placing this proof before the multitudes. Minds that have been too much occupied by the battle for existence to listen and learn from the Spirit are forced to take cognizance of facts placed before them and attested by thousands of witnesses.

—*Given through Aletheia.*

EMERSON ON TRUE INSPIRATION

A great number of such as were professionally expressors of beauty, as painters, poets, musicians, and actors, have been more than others wont to lead a life of pleasure and indulgence; all but the few who received the true nectar; and, as it was a spurious mode of obtaining freedom, an emancipation not into the heavens, but into the freedom of baser places, they were punished by that advantage they won, by a dissipation and deterioration. But never can any advantage be taken of nature by a trick. The spirit of the world, the great, calm presence of the Creator, comes not forth to the sorceries of opium or of wine. The sublime vision comes to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body. That is not an inspiration which we owe to narcotics, but some counterfeit excitement and fury. Milton says, that the lyric poet may drink wine and live generously, but the epic poet, he who shall sing of the gods, and their descent unto men, must drink water out of a wooden bowl.

—*From Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essay on The Poet.*

TO A VISION

By Sylvia Sterling

O beautiful angel of light!
In the silence and dark of the night,
With thy glorified aura effulgent,
I saw thee, I looked on thy face;
In majesty standing before me,
With infinite beauty and grace,
What brought thee so far from heaven
To the scene of so lowly a place?

The Aletheia Society

In Obedience to the Voice of the Spirit

TEACHES that all Truth—through Spirit Impulse, or Inspiration, finds expression through psychology—the Science of the Soul.

THIS Society is a part of the Great Brotherhood visible and Invisible, existent from all time; rising to renewed life in each successive cycle. Our Creed is faith in the Supreme, obedience to the Creator, in All-Truth, All-Love, All-Harmony. We believe in the elimination of personal interests for the good of all humanity.

Our Prayer

Give us Truth, O Father; send down thy ministering angels with words of wisdom from the All-Highest;

Give us patient Love; give us illumination of the Spirit, the perfect Light;

Give us the will to walk thy way with firm and steadfast feet;

Make of us living temples of Thine inspiration and fill our souls with the radiance of Thy All-Spirit;

Make us clear channels for the streams of thine illumination and send us thy guiding Spirit in all thy bounteous mercy;

Give us Truth and Love; teach us to radiate thy gifts, and live in obedience, to thy All-Harmonious laws, wherein is perfect Peace.

—Aletheia.

ALETHEIAN, thou must become immune to error, deaf to criticism, mute to censure, impervious to flattery, unmoved by praise, yet giving kindness ever, if thou wouldst walk in the way of Truth.

THINK purely, speak truth only, uplift, hearken to no evil communications, bear no malice, heal the sick, help to raise the fallen, annihilate error, live in charity for all mankind, disseminating only Light, Love and Truth.

Eternal Progression

Thoughts from an Unseen Friend

Transcribed by Sylvia Sterling

ONLY one man out of many thousands on earth has any real idea of conditions awaiting him beyond death. The average man will not accept the most reasonable and conclusive evidences and statements concerning the main part of his existence which is after he leaves his corporeal body. He is liable to denounce all investigation of psychic phenomena and accept all spiritual communication as fraudulent; but he who believes the human soul at death is snuffed out like the flame of the candle, will one day learn for himself of the highroad through eternal progression that every soul must follow.

When death ensues, the spirit of man arises to heavens surrounding the earth. These heavens extend many hundreds of miles beyond the earth and travel with it in its revolutions through space. Beyond the heavens of earth exist the most wonderful Etherian worlds prepared for the habitation of those who have progressed sufficiently, and are entitled, through grade of goodness and wisdom, to depart from the schooling of the primary spiritual spheres, and learn the still higher principles of spiritual unfoldment. In the colleges of Etheria are taught various sciences and arts unknown on earth, or in the heavens of the earth except by those who have attended such colleges, and have returned to the lower heavens to assist in the upliftment and progress of mankind. These sciences involve a knowledge of conducting vast undertakings. The science of creating great vortexes as the foundation for the formation of new worlds; the science of forming huge ships on which thousands of souls may dwell comfortably for years while traversing Etherian realms; the science of determining the grade of whole populations of the earth, and the science of instilling certain races with particular characteristics to accomplish specified results;—these sciences and hundreds of others are taught in the regions beyond the borders of earth's atmosphere.

As we, in the heavens of earth, assist others, so in turn, are we assisted by those who are more advanced in wisdom than

we; thus, learning with us is a constant source of delight, for it is never-ending in this, our heavenly home. In all studies we have for reference the results accomplished by those who have lived before us. Their experiences, their failures or successes, are recorded in the histories of the heavens and exist within the great libraries, where we may consult them at our pleasure.

Wherever we are, or whatever our work may be, no matter how varied, or perchance for a time uncongenial, we realize eternity is before us and know that sometime, somewhere, in some unforeseen manner we shall have opportunity to gratify all our ambitions, to explore new realms of thought and investigate the hidden lore of worlds to come, for as the uncreated is given being, we shall find opportunity to study new and unknown conditions of elementary substances, and the wonderful vortexes which produced them.

As there is no end to individual existence, so is there no termination to the knowledge we may acquire in this, the spiritual realm. Whatever is a truth in regard to physical and spiritual phenomena in this cycle, may not be a truth of these things in ages to come, for all things undergo a constant change both on earth and in heaven; and while there are certain fundamental laws of Nature and creation which remain inviolate, yet the compounding of substances with millions of variations productive of inconceivable variety in form and color, is perpetual. If this were not true, an eternal existence would be fraught with weary, endless years of discontent, for after thousands of ages the entire universe would have been explored, and all its wonders, existing without change, would have been unfolded to the spiritual brain; this would be a sad and unnatural condition which the Creator has provided shall never exist on earth or in heaven.

Neither man nor angels can discover a limit to the universe. Man can find a limit to the material earth, but he is unable to fly elsewhere and see with his own eyes the multiplicity of corporeal and spiritual worlds in their many stages of chaos, formation, completion or decay. He can only look into the starry dome above his head and surmise the grandeur of the limitless Unknown that is,—and is to be in process of creation forever.

Eternal attainment of knowledge, the highway to eternal progression,—is the spiritual man's outlook through the land beyond death.

The Cat's Paw

A narrative of startling facts involving a notable group of people.

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Two men pushed their way into the room. The heavier one of the two, with very black hair and a heavy black moustache, said, addressing Marie, "Aren't you Mrs. Heath?"

Fanny could scarcely repress a smile as he glared at the unoffending Marie, who drew herself up with an emphatic, "I am Mrs. Ray, what is your business?"

Fanny having slipped into the adjoining room to don a skirt and jacket, now came forward saying, "Pardon me, I am Mrs. Heath. You are from police headquarters, aren't you? Have you brought me a report from Major Sylvester?"

The man started, produced a folded paper, and said, "Why, we are from police headquarters and we have brought this, but it is hardly the report you say you are expecting."

"What is it?" said Fanny quietly, "a warrant for my arrest?"

The man eyed her narrowly as he said, "Were you expecting to be arrested?"

"No," replied Fanny, "I was expecting most anything but that, but I have been threatened with arrest, and as you say Major Sylvester did not send you I could think of no other reason for your appearance."

The man flushed and said, rather lamely, "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I can see that you are police, at a glance. Plain clothes would never disguise either of you." Marie looked horror stricken. As for Fanny she found herself marvelling at her own words. Somebody else seemed to be speaking with her voice. Her very coolness staggered the officer. He again offered her the folded paper saying, "You had better look over that."

"What's the use," said Fanny. "This is so much better than I had feared, that I am quite ready to go—wherever I have to go. I do not fear the law. It was of some sort of underground work, of treachery, of kidnapping, that I had begun to fear."

That is what the expected report was about. I have informed Major Sylvester of a previous attempt to kidnap me and of other annoyances, and as he has investigated and promised me the report of the men he put on the case, I concluded that you might have brought that report. If not, what do you wish me to do?"

The man who acted as spokesman sat down, looking quite non-plused as Fanny stood before him calmly inquiring. Marie was obviously distressed and quite crimson with indignation at the manner of the second man who had been listening with an open sneer upon his countenance. The black moustached man hesitated, glancing from Fanny to Marie. He then said, "Well, really, Madam, if you are Mrs. Heath I will have to ask you to step down to see the Captain with me."

"Do you mean," said Fanny, "that I am under arrest?"

The man again glanced at Marie as if in doubt. He turned to Fanny and eyeing her fragile form, replied, "Well, I expected to find quite an Amazon, judging from the reports that we have received. You really had better look that warrant over." Fanny glanced at the paper, uncomprehendingly, and was about to hand it back. The man hesitated, "But, Madam, you fail to appreciate the seriousness of this. You are under arrest on a serious charge and there are eight witnesses against you. What threats have you been making?"

"Threats," repeated Fanny vaguely, "why, I don't see why I could be arrested for threatening to expose a man who was attempting to blackmail others and there certainly were no witnesses, and I didn't *threaten*, only, I have been doing all I can to expose his conduct and I mean to keep on."

The man looked at her aghast. "Look over that warrant again," he said. "Do you recognize this name?"

Fanny glanced at the warrant and read, "Cornell, no I never heard of him."

"Look over the names of these witnesses who have sworn out this warrant against you, don't you recognize these?"

Fanny glanced over the names, but they seemed to hold no meaning for her. She stopped at one, and repeated, "Thomas, I wonder what Thomas that could be, and Wasgood—Wasgood,

of course, I expected that. I don't know how he could appear as a witness in this case."

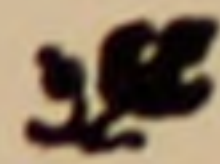
"Oh, you do know Wasgood?"

"Why, yes, of course," said Fanny, "he's the man I've been working for, he's the man who threatened me with arrest."

A restless movement from the second man at this juncture seemed to influence the first speaker as he said, "Well, it's too much for me, the whole thing is irregular, but I will have to ask you to step down to see the Captain. If you have any friends," he said in a very low voice, "I would advise you to 'phone them."

Fanny put on her hat with a nonchalance she was far from feeling, but she felt that she must lighten the strain for Marie, who seemed absolutely overwhelmed. As she left the apartment with the two men she called out, "Remember what I said about 'phoning to Major Sylvester."

(To be continued)



WISDOM CULLED FROM THE ANCIENTS

If man possesses a strong will he cannot fail to see the true Light and to See, is to obey.

Keep silent as to your opinions and projects, for the world belongs to the silent ones.

Science united to wisdom and will power is immovable.

The human soul in its flight returns to its initial principal, God.

To wish for things possible is equivalent to creating them.

Nothing resists a firm will power, which has for its lever the knowledge of Truth and Justice. To fight for both is more than right; it is duty. Whoever triumphs in this struggle has simply accomplished his mission. Whoever fails, in spite of his honest efforts, is entitled to immortality.

Remember that effort means doing, not merely thinking. Thought repeatedly put into action cannot fail.

Before you may tell a man whether he is happy or unhappy, you must first discover what use he has made of his will power; for every man is created to the image of his own works.

The justice of God will be the final judge of the justice of men.

The Wonderful Nature of Dreams

By Garrett P. Serviss

Some philosophers assert that the things which seem to us the most real are in truth the most UN-real!

Yet there is an intimate connection between dreams and waking life. Many dreams are distorted memories of actual occurrences, and many are suggested by such occurrences. There is a widespread belief that dreams are often portents, or fore-warnings. The books are full of most interesting instances which seem to lend support to this view.

Take the case of the unfortunate Major Andre, who was hanged as a spy by the order of Washington. Before Major Andre set sail for America he went to visit a Miss Seward in Derbyshire. She presented him to two of her friends, a poet named Newton and a clergyman named Cunningham. When Newton saw the stranger he started and turned pale. The cause of his sudden emotion came out after the Major had departed. Mr. Newton, the very night before, had had a dream, which he had immediately related to the clergyman. He thought he was in a strange forest through which he saw a horseman passing in haste. Suddenly three men started out of a thicket and arrested the horseman. Newton was so much interested by the prisoner's face and felt so much sympathy for him that he awoke greatly disturbed. Presently he fell asleep again, and the same person now appeared to him, surrounded by a crowd of people, and was led to a gallows, where he was hanged. When Major Andre was presented to Newton he instantly recognized the man of his dream. Not long afterwards occurred the historic arrest of Andre in the woods at Tarrytown, followed by his execution at Tappan.

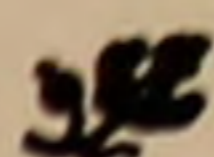
Take the case of Dr. Harvey, the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood. When he was a young man he set out from London to go to Padua, in Italy, the seat of the famous university where he wished to study. When he got to Dover the Governor refused to let him enter his packet to cross the channel, but declined to give any reason. The next day the news arrived at Dover that the packet had been lost with every

soul on board. Then the Governor explained his strange conduct. He said he had had a dream, of overwhelming force, in which he was forbidden to allow a young man, whose face appeared to him, to enter the boat. When Harvey presented himself the Governor recognized the face seen in his dream.

If there were space I could quote hundreds of similar instances, which have all the appearance of being perfectly authenticated. Science does not know yet how to deal with such things.

Read the story of Swedenborg's wonderful dreams; run through the Bible and read of the warning dreams which abound there; recall the strange poem about Kubla Khan which Coleridge composed in a dream, and you will have an abundance of food for thought and speculation. And then, perhaps, you will look upon your dreams with increased interest.

—From the New York American.



A PROPHETIC DREAM

By Sylvia Sterling

While in New England I visited a dear old friend whom I will call Mrs. Stanley. She was an elderly lady, about seventy, and in failing health. The last time I saw her was in December when I bade her goodby before starting on a long journey.

One morning in the following February I had a most peculiar dream. It seemed to me Mrs. Stanley was dead, and that when she had passed from her earthly body she remembered something she should have told her daughter-in-law, with whom she resided. For about two hours, before leaving the earth for other realms, she remained in her home trying to express her desires to her son's wife, but in vain.

When I awakened, the thing uppermost in my mind was not so much what Mrs. Stanley had appeared to be doing, as the fact that she was dead. I was boarding at the time, and as I opened the door to leave my room, I discovered on the floor a letter my landlady had dropped there for me. To my astonishment, I found it to be a communication telling of Mrs. Stanley's death a few days before. My dream had related the news before I received the letter.

Some of the Questions that Help Spiritual Healing

In response to a question from Mr. Burns, of Philadelphia; this testimony is given.

Question: "Is it possible for broken bones to be healed by Spiritual Science"?

When questioned, I was about to say I did not know, when suddenly the recollection of my own experience came to me. One morning while taking a bath I found that a small window over the tub was open. I foolishly attempted to stand on the edge of the tub to close it, slipped and fell, striking my breast bone with my full weight on the edge of the tub. After unconsciousness for fully half an hour, was barely able to drag myself to my bed. Lungs and heart felt suffocated. My breast-bone was apparently fractured and the lower section of it had buckled back into my lungs. Several hours later, in consultation with a hospital surgeon, I was informed that the breast-bone was fractured clear across; that I should be deformed for life, and possibly die from the effects if the bone was not sawn across and set together with silver rivets. The surgeon called attention to the great ridge extending across my chest from the fracture. He said that a terrible scar was unavoidable; that I would never be able to wear evening dress again. I went home resolving that if I must become deformed, or submit to an operation, I would accept my affliction philosophically. Almost immediately I seemed to hear a voice saying: "Even this shall be healed through the power of the Spirit." Then the Voice bade me use some simple lotion on the abraded skin, to rest as much as possible, yet to go on with my work as if nothing had happened. My friends and relatives were horror-stricken to think that I would not undergo the operation. When their persuasions tempted me and I found myself weakening, my Spirit Voice would counsel and cheer me. Repeatedly I would hear the words: "Peace, be still, all is well." I returned immediately to my daily avocation. Little by little I came to forget the injury. Some months later I had a photograph taken in evening dress. A slight ridge across my chest was still discernible. Cheered at the great improvement, I was now absolutely sure that my chest would become quite normal. In less than a year every evidence of the fracture had disappeared.

Frances Aletheia Dilopoulo.

Is Prophecy "Of the Spirit?"

Materialists avow that psychic powers are undemonstrable, and telepathy a myth. How then, will they explain the power, that enables this twentieth century "seer" to correctly prophesy events subsequently fulfilled with startling exactness?

Aletheia claims that in making these prophecies she merely voiced the messages given to her by the *Spirit of Truth*.—*Editor*.

"ALETHEIA'S WONDERFUL PROPHECIES"

ON New Year's Eve of 1911 at the Hotel Knickerbocker, New York City, while blindfolded and totally unaware of the identity of her questioner, to Charles M. Schwab *Aletheia* replied, "You are thinking in steel involving several million dollars." A spectator who fancied that *Aletheia* was aware of her interrogator's identity replied: "He says he is out of steel now." *Aletheia* immediately reiterated: "Some one by the name of Charles is mentally questioning me concerning a deal in steel, if he is personally out of it at present, he will positively put this through for a corporation international in scope. This deal will be consummated abroad in about two years." This deal, now a matter of history, was consummated within two years, according to a cablegram dated January 9, 1913, and published in the *New York American* of that date. While Mr. Schwab has not given permission to publish this statement he will acknowledge the facts.

She prophesied the election of Mitchel of New York and Walsh of Massachusetts, on the evening of September 24, 1913 at the Colonial Theatre, Haverhill, Mass. *Aletheia* also made correct prophecies concerning Secretary of State Bryan four years prior to the occurrence of the events.

In September, 1910, *Aletheia* prophesied to Samuel Gumpertz, then manager of Dreamland, that the Park would "go up in smoke and flame early the following season." The famous Dreamland fire occurred May 30, 1911. One month prior to its birth *Aletheia* informed Mrs. H—, of Somerville, Mass., that her child would be a boy, to be born the 17th or 27th of April. The "Seer" is in possession of a telegram sent by the

father on the day of the child's birth. It is worded as follows: "Little son arrived promptly April 27, 1912. Signed R. T. H——.

While she was appearing at Plaza theatre, San Antonio, Texas, in answer to a question put by a stranger in the audience Aletheia responded, "Madero will not remain the president of Mexico. He will be forcibly removed within nine months." History has recorded the proof of this prophecy fulfilled February, 1913.

To Mrs. L. E. Adams, in Wheeling, W. Va., Aletheia stated: "You will have a child in eleven months." On the following March 18th, eleven months to the day, a little one promptly appeared. This notwithstanding the fact that several eminent physicians had informed Mrs. Adams that she could never become a mother. So much for medical opinion versus Soul Science.

In 1907 in the presence of several representatives of the nations concerned Aletheia stated that Italy, Greece and other Mediterranean countries would become involved in a war with Turkey resulting in defeat to the Ottomans. The question was put "When?" Aletheia promptly responded: "The trouble will begin in 1912 and end in 1913." The Orientals laughed at her and called her prophesy "foolishness," yet history proved she was right. In her tour of the Interstate Time in the spring of 1912 Aletheia correctly named the governors to be of eight states.

At the Orpheum Theatre in Jacksonville, Florida, on the evening of June 2, 1912, in the presence of nearly sixteen hundred people there assembled, three gentlemen actively interested in the State campaign for the nominations of Champ Clark, Oscar Underwood and Theodore Roosevelt mentally questioned Aletheia as to the presidential election, then five months distant. To the Clark champion Aletheia replied, "You are working for a splendid man—but Mr. Clark will not receive the nomination; I am inspirationally informed that Mr. Wilson will receive the nomination. He will be elected with Mr. Bryan's help. Mr. Bryan is a force that you will be unable to cope with."

In answering Mr. Underwood's promoter, Aletheia said:

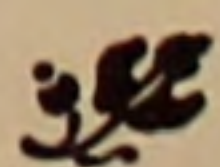
“Mr. Underwood has no chance at all, but will generously work with Mr. Wilson, both before and after the latter’s election in November.”

At this juncture the Roosevelt man, too impatient for mental processes, called out: “What is the matter with Teddy?”

Aletheia replied: “The matter is that ‘Teddy’ is not a regular Republican, and failing to get their nomination will start a party of his own.”

On October 6, 1910 in answer to a mental question put by Mr. J. F. Martin, at one of the Keith and Proctor Houses, Aletheia said: “The next governor of New Jersey will be a Democrat. His initials are T. W. W.” There was a general laugh, and some one called out “The W. W. is all right, but there is no T.” Yet Thomas Woodrow Wilson was elected governor four weeks later. On the 9th of October, 1910 in the same theatre in answer to a stranger, Aletheia replied: “The next governor of New Jersey will positively be Woodrow Wilson. He will also be the next president of the United States.” This is a matter of record in a presence of more than a thousand persons. The members of his own party had not prophesied Mr. Wilson’s election prior to the convention, July, 1912. Yet Aletheia had made this prophecy in more than forty theatres from coast to coast during a period of nearly two years prior to his nomination. The testimony is incontrovertible.

—From the Plattsburg Press, December 18, 1913.



HOPE’S RESURRECTION

With eyes bent low, all sorrowful, op’rest
 Grief made a tomb for Hope to lie at rest,
 Sweet Hope lies dead, so let her roses die,
 He mourned,—when lo, a voice
 Soft as the south winds murmuring sigh
 Whispered, “look up—Hope cannot die
 She doth but sleep and will arise
 To be thy guide; lift up thine eyes,
 O Heart, behold as down grows wide,
 Hopes resurrection—’tis her Eastertide!

—Aletheia.

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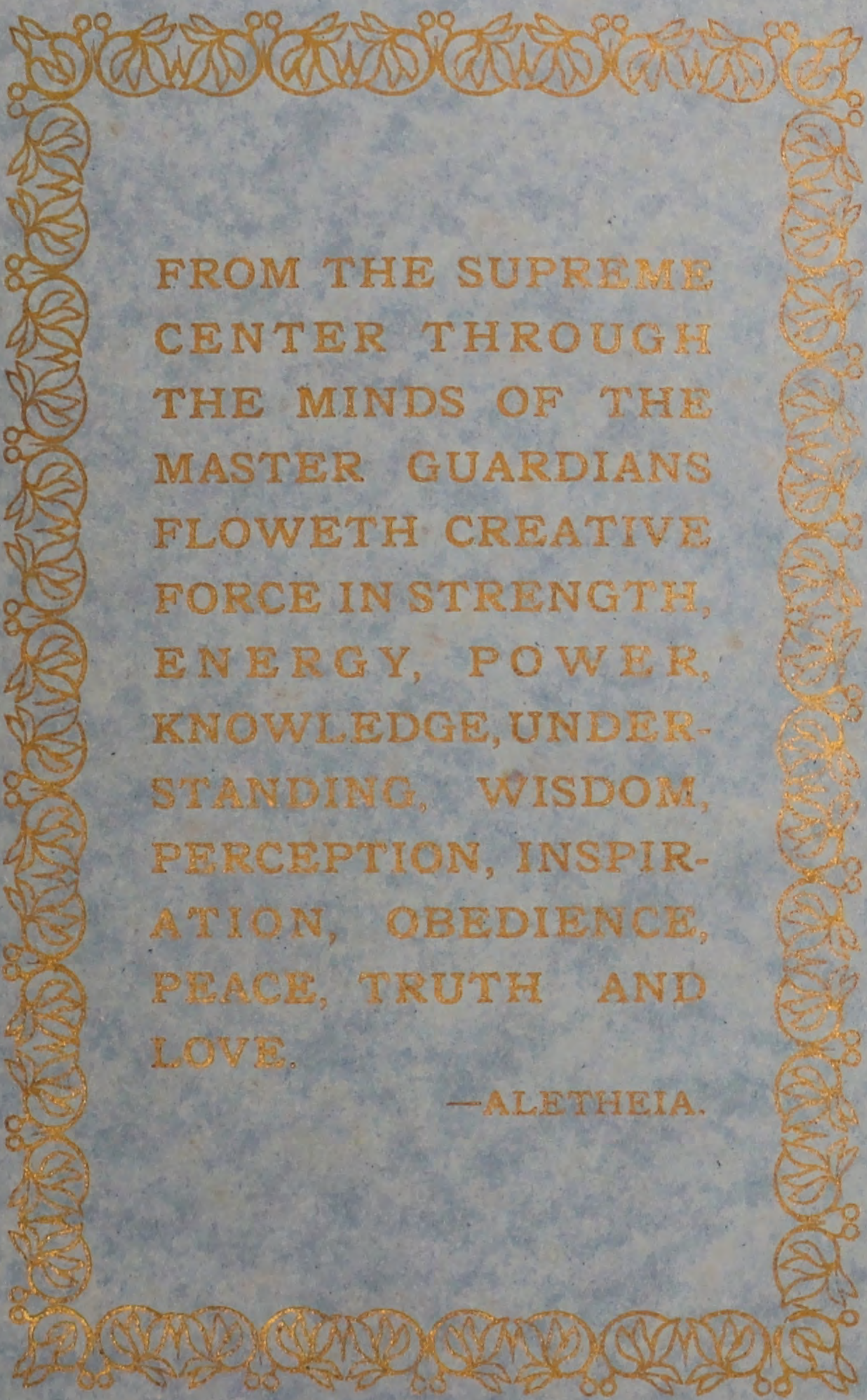
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—ALETHEIA.